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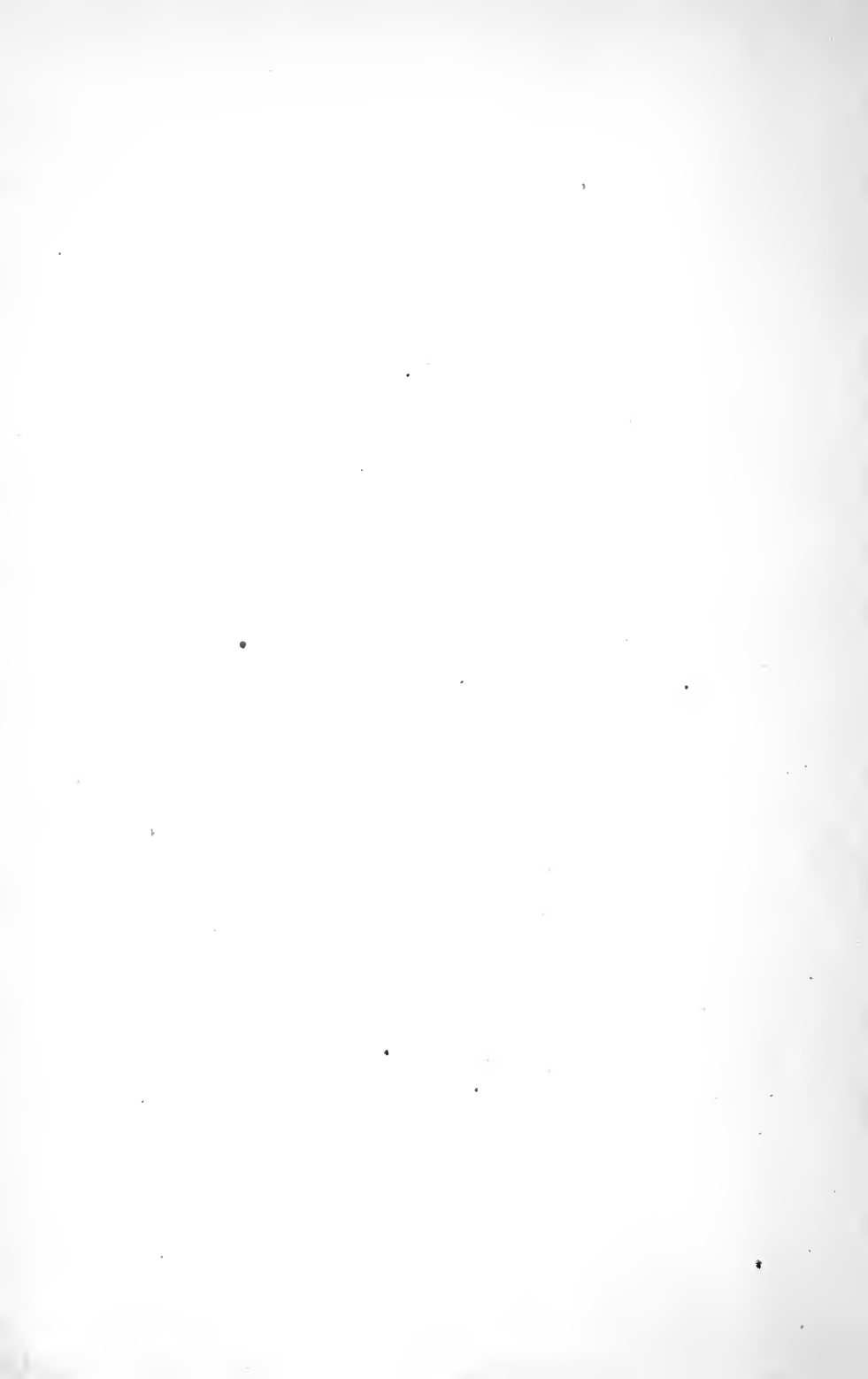
MEMOIR

—OF—

MARY W. A. KELLOGG,

—OF—

North Amherst, Mass.



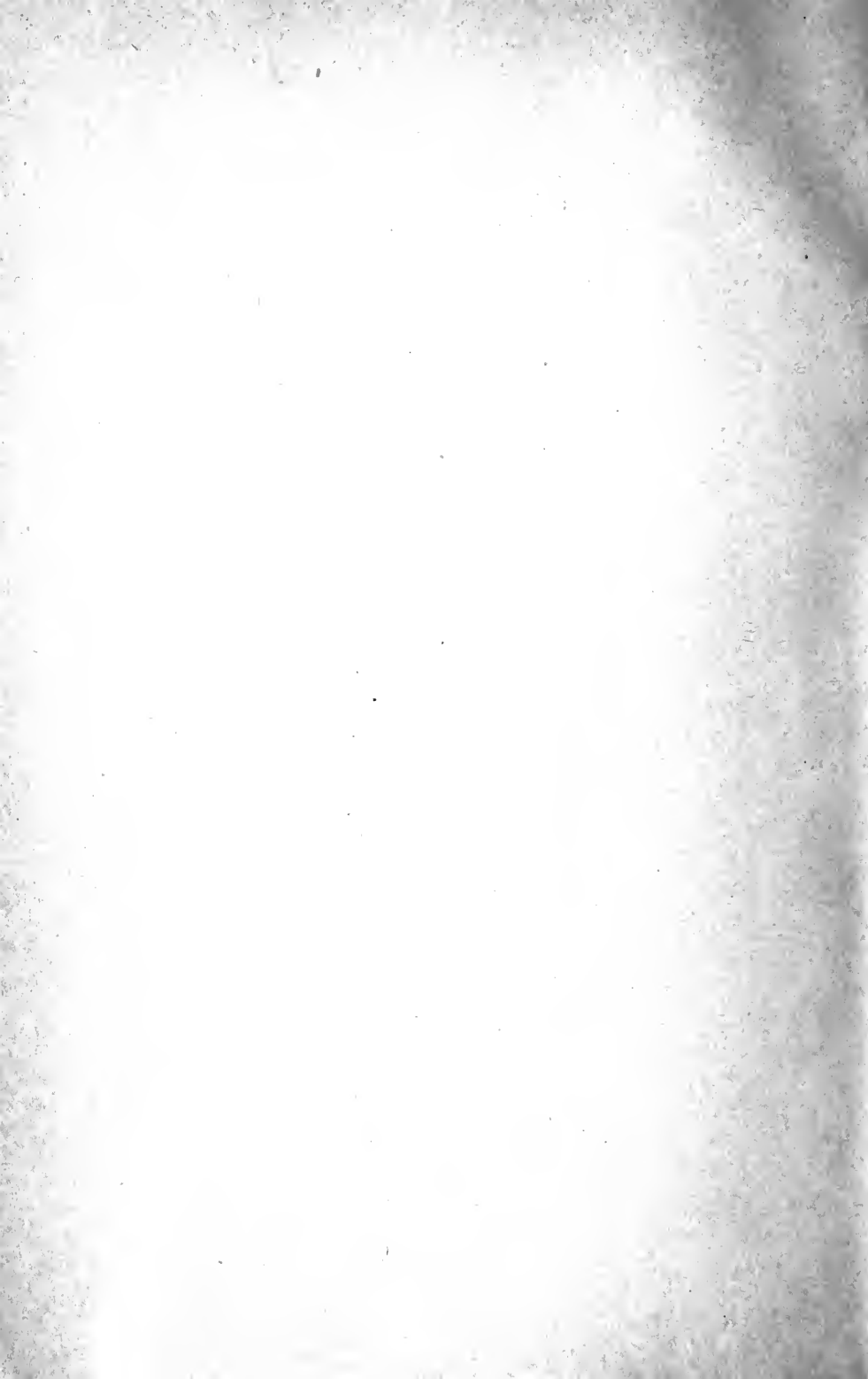
To.

Mr. & Mrs. W. J. Howe

From

Your Friend

C. H. K.





IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE

... OF ...

MARY W. A. KELLOGG

Who Entered into Rest

OCTOBER 16, 1889

AGED 43 YEARS AND 10 MONTHS

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SENTINEL PRINTING CO.,
Fitchburg, Mass.

MEMOIR.

WHEN one who has been eminently useful in the home, society, church and Sunday school, is called from earthly ties and duties to a blessed entrance into the heavenly mansions, it is fitting some word of tribute and grateful appreciation of what she was to her many friends should be placed on record.

MARY W. A. KELLOGG was born in Hadley, Mass., Dec. 7th, 1845. She was the second daughter of Levi and Mary Wheeler Adams and was given her mother's name in baptism by Rev. Pomeroy Belden, July 2d, 1846, at East Amherst.

In her childhood, her mother says, "she was perfectly healthy with a happy, cheerful temperament that made her a joy in the home and to all who knew her."

Beginning school at an early age, she passed through the various grades until at seventeen, she entered the normal school at Westfield, Mass., it being her desire to fit herself for the work of teaching. Her first Sabbath from home was made memorable by giving her heart to the Savior, for she wrote her parents: "I felt the need of a Friend who would always abide with me." Her course of study, which proved to be both pleasant and profitable, was interrupted by a severe illness in the winter of 1863-64, the nature of which was such that further attendance upon school was forbidden by her physicians. During the months of invalidism she found a comforter and companion in her baby brother Willie, then two years old, whose infant prattle cheered many a lonely hour, and helped her to bear patiently the time needed to restore mental and physical vigor.

In the winter of 1864-65, her health being fully restored, she began teaching in the primary school at South Amherst, where she soon gave promise of success. During the summer vacation the death angel once more entered the family circle (a baby sister having died in 1849) and bore away little Willie, now four years old. This great sorrow called out her poetic talent (till then in a measure dormant) and she poured out her grief in words

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of simple rhyme, among her first efforts being the story of his death, and for many years she was accustomed to remember the anniversary in a similar way.

Six months after, she wrote her father from South Amherst, (school having begun) of her desire to connect herself with the church. She writes, "Since our Willie's departure to Heaven, I have had greater longings than ever to live so as to meet him, well knowing that it is only to those who are 'faithful unto death,' that a 'crown of life' is granted." Accordingly she entered into covenant relations with the church in North Hadley, Rev. W. H. Beaman, pastor—assuming charge of the infant class in Sunday school, to whom she became warmly attached.

After four years of teaching, three of which were spent in her native town, she was married to Charles H. Kellogg of North Amherst, Dec. 23, 1868, the ceremony being performed by her pastor in the church, in the presence of a large number of friends and her dearly loved Sunday school class, whose wedding gift of a large family bible was among her treasures.

Before leaving her father's home she wrote a letter to her parents, an extract from which is here given as showing the key-note of her life :

"Among all the pleasant recollections of home, I feel none will be so precious as the knowledge that when you bow before 'Our Father' in prayer, you will think of the absent one, and will ask for the same guiding hand to help her who so much needs, that in her life she may *live for others*, and in making others happy, be made happy herself. Never forget to ask for me, for I do want to be faithful to the duties I have assumed, and seek to make the declining years of Charlie's parents as I would that yours should be. * * I leave you with the resolve to do what lieth in my power to make home happy."

After a brief wedding trip, the young couple began life with Mr. Kellogg's parents, where she soon became a worker in church and Sunday school and won for herself a warm affection that increased in strength as the years went on. In a diary kept at this period of her married life, the first entry closes with this expression: "Oh that I might strive to live a better life."

Jan. 17, 1869: "I am once more a Sunday school teacher. I desire to be faithful and earnestly work for the Master."

Mar. 5: "Went to meeting. My own heart feels strengthened by the words of Christian encouragement I have heard. May my life show I have been benefited."

Mar. 14, Sunday: "The Holy Communion, and again I've consecrated my all to Christ. I must work for Jesus, and oh, that I might be faithful in His service."

Apr. 16 : "All day have I had the pleasure of attending the meetings held in College Hall by Rev. A. B. Earle. Many seem anxious. Oh that my own darling brother might be among the number!"

July 1 : "Went to the preparatory lecture: subject, 'God's Building.' How careful I ought to be to have *my part* of the building firm and true."

Sunday, Sept. 5 : "We've both been at home all day. Jesus can be near to us if we wish, and never have we needed His love more than now."

Sunday, Oct. 24 : "Have been reading the *Christian at Work* and feel more than ever how much work there is to be done and how necessary it is that the Master's servants be found faithful."

Nov. 6 : "Today dear father is forty-nine years old. It seems a long time to look forward to, but if my life could be filled up with striving to do good to others and living for Jesus as his has been, I should be satisfied."

In the latter part of this month a little son came to gladden the hearts of parents and grandparents. Caring for this child developed a greater love for children and youth, and her influence among both began to be felt.

When Willie (named for the little brother who was drowned) was two years old his grandmother Kellogg died, and soon after the care of house-keeping and the aged father fell upon the young mother. Bravely did she put her shoulder to the wheel, making many a dark place brighter by the cheerful energy with which she climbed every bill of difficulty, seeing only the House Beautiful beyond. Beside her own family cares, she boarded many of the students of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and in so doing sought not only to feed the body, but to elevate the character by impressing upon them the necessity of pure lives, free from every bad habit. What the result of these oft-repeated efforts will be, eternity only can tell.

In the midst of this busy life at home, in the church, Sunday school and every good work, she found time for many a poetic word of sympathy for the afflicted of her own and other family circles, sorrow apparently developing this gift in a large measure. In January, 1878, she was called again to mourn by the death of her youngest sister in Connecticut. Seven years later, Mr. Kellogg's father passed away after two years of failing health, in which she ministered to his needs with true filial devotion. The days of mourning were not ended, when she was called to the bedside of her own father, who was slowly wasting under an incurable disease. Whatever service she could render her parents in this hour of their need, she gladly did, and received with the other children her dying father's benediction. He, too, entered into rest, and husband and wife were fatherless in the short space of four months. From this last sorrow she came forth equipped with

a strong desire to work for her Master, and the prayer that the mantle of the loving father might fall upon her. Not long after, she began a journal, some extracts from which are here given.

“ I love to think that God appoints
My portion day by day;
Events of life are in His hand,
And I would only say,
Appoint them in Thine own good time,
And in Thine own best way.”

Jan. 19, 1886: “ For a long time I have thought that I would commence to keep a kind of journal when I should reach the age of forty years, but more than a month has passed since my birth-day, and not an entry made. To-day is the eighth anniversary of Emma’s death. It is a like day too, with fast gathering storm of frozen rain. Ah! the darkness of that day, and the blessedness of the Light beyond the ‘ River ’ to the darkened mind. I wonder sometimes if father has seen her yet, and whether she was ‘ waiting for him at the beautiful gate. ’ Truly for her the ‘ Evening time brought light. ’ ”

Jan. 27 :

“ Yes, the day has been full of labor,
But now is the daylight past;
And the journey was very toilsome,
But the journey is over at last.

In the gathering storm a funeral procession passed here to lay away the mother who for many, many years God had spared to make glad their hearts. How it brought back to me that bleak September day when we laid father away. The blessed surety of a glorious Resurrection could scarce break through the thick clouds of sorrow about us. We could not see the light beyond in the blest mansions where God had given him eternal rest.”

Feb. 15 : “ Almost a month since I last wrote in this, my precious journal. In the bright beautiful sunshine, I’ve been looking over my flower treasures, and truly they delight my heart and eyes. * * They do make our home beautiful in their freshness and brightness. When I think how

‘ God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree, and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all,’

my heart goes out in love for *this* His loving kindness.”

April 17: “ To-day God has given Mrs. N—— her golden crown. She was spared the suffering that long weeks of sickness bring, and God *was good* to let her lie down as if in earthly rest, and then to give her His

eternal rest.' She laid down to sleep, 'She awaked satisfied in His likeness.' We have been down to the 'sorrowing ones left' to-night. So very sudden has the blow come to them that the 'shadows' rest dark and heavily. But the Lord will give them light. Has He not said, 'weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'"

April 20: "To-day they laid her away, covered with fairest flowers. She loved the flowers, but has gone where fairer flowers than Eden's bloom. The home will be lonely; we know how lonely, for though it is nearly a year since Father Kellogg left us, the loneliness is still here."

Jan. 1, 1888: "It is quite two years since this book was given me to keep a journal in, and but very few records have been made, but this year, dear Journal, I hope to write many a page. They are all fair and white to-night, but I shall have many a blurred page I know ere the year shall close, if God spare my life so long. Blotted and blurred because while it is my privilege to 'Abide in Christ,' I do not live up to it, and the record must be 'Nothing but leaves.' None can bear fruit saving those 'who abide in Him and he in them.' To day has been stormy and but few were at church—only seven in my Sunday school class. But the lesson was interesting and the children's answers ready. When I asked what they would have desired if they had been at Herod's party, little E—— C—— said: 'I should have asked to have John let out of prison so he could go and see Jesus.' Such a dear, sweet answer."

Jan. 2d: "My heart has been stirred to-night by letters received—one from Mrs. P——, thanking me for the little tribute I sent after Mabel left them. She says: 'Mrs. Kellogg, from the bottom of my heart I thank you.' I am glad now I sent them. Sister L—— writes too, returning thanks. I don't deserve the praise she awards me, but if I know my own heart, I do want to be of comfort and use to those I love: yea, even those in whom I am not particularly interested.

'Ask God to give thee strength
In comfort's art,
That thou may'st consecrated be
And set apart
Unto a life of sympathy;
For heavy is the weight of ill
In every heart,
And comforters are needed much
Of Christ-like touch.'

Jan. 13th: "Just a 'gray' day without one ray of sunlight. I have felt so sorry to have it storm for I *did want* the young men's meeting to be fully attended. But 'there is nothing too hard for the Lord,' and if the

young men do not come because of the weather or because they do not care to, yet the Spirit of God can find them wherever they go."

Feb. 1st: "A new month to make records in. The beginning of new work for me too, for May J—— has come to stay with us for a week. For *me* it means *more* of *care*, more kindly patience, less of ease that has been mine in such a large measure all the winter, but possibly for her it may be a bright bit of real home life. Poor child, she has not had many 'real homes.' I do not want to forget that 'Even Christ pleased not himself.'"

Feb. 7th: "Our missionary meeting. The subject was Micronesia. It was very interesting to hear about it. If only people *knew* more about missions there would be no lack of interest, and the meetings would be full."

Mar. 16th: "To-day would have been Father K.'s 88th birthday. So many times we have had family gatherings—not one since he left us. The years will soon number three, but it seems much longer."

Aug. 14th, 1889: "It is long since I've written in this book. Not because I've had nothing of importance to write, but because I've got in the habit of writing in a small diary. Now there is plenty to write, for we are going on an 'Outing' of a week or more."

Of this vacation trip she sent the following account to the *Amherst Record*.

NINE DAYS' OUTING IN VERMONT.

The morning of August 15th was the time appointed for our leaving the home nest for a nine days' outing in the Green Mountain state. It was raining when we left, and the thick mists and oft-falling rain followed us till we crossed the mountains, when bright, beautiful sunshine was ours for the rest of the journey. Despite the rain we found the ride very pleasant and restful, for "dull care" had been left far in the distance. Sometimes the clouds would lift, and a ray of sunshine would fall on river, vale and mountain, then, slowly disappearing, the thick mists would form into clouds, resting even upon the tall mountain tops. We rode for some time beside our own Connecticut. Passed through Northfield, which, like Jerusalem of old, "is beautiful for situation," and where Mr. Moody is so loved and honored. The Black and Otter Creek rivers wound in and out between hills and valleys. Rushing torrents from the mountain sides, with tiny brooklets, hurrying on to the ocean, gave beauty and diversity to the landscape. Little hamlets half hidden in the trees, with now and then a church spire, showing that the Christ-love was in the hearts of the dwellers, silent resting-places of the dead, large, busy towns, and vast marble quarries, met our eyes ere we reached our journey's end. We found a glad welcome in a pleasant home, delightfully situated on high ground, overlooking long mountain ranges which were so blue in the sunlight as to make the name of

Green Mountains almost inappropriate. The charming town of Middlebury was between us and the mountains, seemingly at the foot of one of them. Waving grasses and ripening grain, with soft fleecy clouds overshadowing all, made a delightful picture. As I looked at these mountains stretching far away into the distance, with peaks towering into "heaven's own blue" these words of Holy Writ came to me: "The strength of the hills is his also." Surely it was restful to look at these everlasting hills, so strong in their beauty and grandeur. We spent our afternoon visiting Grand View mountain, which, truly, is rightly named. Stretching toward the north were the broad waters of Lake Champlain which became lost to the sight in the horizon. Crown Point, Fort Henry and Ticonderoga, were historic points of interest, and below these the blue waters of Lake George. Far away were the Adirondack mountains, range after range, so grand and beautiful it seemed as if the eye would never tire of gazing upon them. The mountain which is 1300 feet above sea level, overlooks a large fertile valley which seemed almost level so far was it below us. The lingering sunbeams fell over all, making so fair a picture that we were loth to leave the place.

The next day we gathered with God's people and listened to helpful words from one of our own Amherst graduates. Chosen words, too, that could be carried into the work of the week, making burdens lighter and duties brighter. It was pleasant to notice how many of the congregation remained in the Sabbath school. A quiet evening service and delightful twilight hour closed God's own day. The morrow found us in a neighboring town, about which were spread similar scenes of beauty. 'Tis true, we saw many a beautiful architectural design made by man, but they sank into insignificance beside the things God's own hand had formed. A long carriage drive took us through fertile valleys, with fast ripening crops: over mountains, whose almost perpendicular sides towered hundreds of feet, causing one to think that *here*, indeed, was where "beast and bird had seen and heard that which man knoweth not." At the eveningtide we neared the town of Benson, its center about four miles from Lake Champlain. It is a quiet farming town, with hospitable looking homes, and many from busy cities find needed rest in its beautiful surroundings. The home which opened its doors of welcome to us was large and stately in the long ago days when it was built. Carvings many and varied covered its front, and very pleasant in the evening light looked its arched hall and stairway. These are rooms that, could they speak, have a history to tell, for of the sixteen children that were gathered in the home circle, in days long gone by, these words of the poet are true, that nearly

"All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married and some are dead,"

And it was children's children that bade us welcome. Beautiful scenery is here also, winding streams and hidden lanes, with hills and valleys to rest the eye of the passer by. We visited a beautiful lake, at

the sunset hour, taking with us our evening meal. So hidden was it with rocks and trees that it had no seeming outlet. The golden sunbeams rested upon the water, as we crossed the lake, long after the sun was hidden from view. We entered our moorage with tender words of sacred song, feeling very grateful that we had had an opportunity of visiting Sunset Lake, so rightly named. One day of fishing at Lake Champlain, when 116 fish rewarded the hours of toil, a shore dinner with some of the fish broiled, and a long drive homeward ended our days of outing, and the morrow found us homeward bound. Do you think we left all the sunshine and gladness bottled up in river, vale and hill? Nay, but so much of it had entered into our hearts and lives that in the long, busy days to come, they will be gladdened and brightened, and as we think over these days of rest and pleasure we shall often say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

For some months previous to this journey her health had been somewhat impaired, and much was hoped for as the result of this change. The last entry in her journal Aug. 22d, says: "We came home very tired, but oh, so glad for the days of rest and change, that we took up again the everyday duties with such gladness of heart that they did not seem burdens." Much to the regret of her friends, the glad memories of these happy days did not prove permanently beneficial. She went about her daily work, "doing with her might what her hands found to do," for she said to a friend who was urging upon her a respite from labor, "I must work while the day lasts, for I feel my time may be short."

Especially interested was she in temperance work, because her father loved it, and very helpful and fitly spoken were her words in favor of the constitutional amendment, in Village Hall, where none but ladies were the speakers. Of this effort she writes: "I did not think there would be many there, so I was somewhat surprised to find the room full, and more surprised still to know I was to be the first speaker. My heart beat so rapidly that it seemed as if I should not be able to say a word; but when Rev. D—— prayed that help might be given those who were to speak, the quickened beating was stilled, and I felt no fear when my name was called. Just a few weeks ago there came to our door, at dusk, a well dressed man who inquired the way. His thickened speech and unsteady step showed plainly that he was intoxicated. I watched him as long as I could in the gathering darkness, as he vainly tried to keep in the road limits, and once falling in the gutter. We did not know who he was then, but later found him to have recently moved here with a son about fifteen years of age. The evening Judge T. spoke here I sat in front of a woman whose home life is blighted

by an intemperate husband. Sigh after sigh fell heavily on my ear as she listened to the speaker's earnest words. I felt then, as almost never before, how from suffering womanhood all over our land is going up this cry, 'How long, O Lord, how long?' I tried to tell these incidents as simply as I could, and do think it touched the hearts of the listeners. I said something like this: 'Was it in our town, where so many young men come to avail themselves of its educational privileges, that *this* man was furnished with the beverage that so benumbed power of body and mind that he did not know the way home? And do you say, friends, that it is nothing to you? that you are not your brother's keeper? Ah, if only we were not! If only the answer God made Cain—which has lost none of its truth as it has come down to us through the ages—did not apply to us with double force, as in this hour of opportunity it is given us to say whether intoxicating drinks shall be sold as a beverage or not—The voice of thy brother's blood crieth to me from the ground.'

"We all have a voice in this matter,
And you and I'll have to stand,
In the last great Day of Judgment,
At the bar at God's right hand,
To give account, whether for or against
This evil we raised our voice;
How for God or sin, for gold or souls,
We made everlasting choice.

"Man's vote and woman's influence to be used for God and right :

"Is it nothing for us to idly sleep
While the cohorts of Death their vigils keep,
And grind on in our midst a grist of sin?
It is something, yet all, for us to stand,
And clasp by faith our Saviour's hand:
To learn to labor, live and fight
On the side of God and changeless right.

"Then I asked two questions : the first, No license or plenty of drink ?

"You are voting for one or the other—
There is no half way between—
Which side are you on, my brother?
The question is pointed and clean.
You vote for salvation or ruin,
For life to the country at large,
Or death through distilling and brewing.

"The second question, How will you vote ?

"Do you believe it is right
To vote for your country's dishonor?
To vote for her downfall and shame,
And thus bring destruction upon her?
Your votes elect men who make laws
Suppressing or aiding this drinking,
And each individual is
Responsible, I've been thinking.

"I have written so fully because I knew you would be interested, and I am sure father would be glad."

Thursday morning, Oct. 10, she went to Springfield for a two days' visit. A slight cold taken while coming home caused her already enfeebled frame to be prostrated on Sunday morning by a severe attack of peritonitis, and though medical skill vied with loving care to restore her, it was of no avail. Her spirit went back to God on Wednesday morning, Oct. 16, with the words on her lips, "It is all right," leaving husband and child, mother, brother and sister, with many other friends, to mourn her early death. The announcement of the sad news brought expressions of sympathy from every hand, and the tender words and kindly acts will not soon be forgotten by those who loved her best. May God bless them all, and follow with his benediction this simple tribute to one who desired to be found faithful in the Master's service.

THE FUNERAL OF MRS. CHARLES H. KELLOGG

Occurred at the North Congregational Church Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. W. D. Herrick, Rev. George E. Fisher and Rev. W. H. Beaman occupied seats on the platform. The Arion Quartet of the Agricultural College opened the services by singing "Nearer my God to Thee." Mr. Herrick read passages of Scripture, and was followed by another song from the glee club and sermon by Mr. Herrick, who spoke as follows :

ACTS 9: 36, 37-39—Now there was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha which by interpretation is called Dorcas; this woman was full of good works and alms-deeds, which she did.

And it came to pass in those days that she was sick and died. And all the widows stood by weeping and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them.

We have in these words a plain, simple recital of the life, death and mourning following the decease of a most excellent, godly, devoted woman. There is nothing in the narrative to indicate that she had ever shone in fashionable society, or had ever attracted the gaze of an admiring world by the brilliancy of her intellect, the beauty of her person or the splendor of her attire. It is quite probable that she was entirely unknown and without mention in what are sometimes miscalled the first circles of society.

Her domestic duties and her alms-deeds, and her life of prayer and constant communion with Him whose she was and whom she served absorbed all her time, thought, strength and interest.

But somehow this humble woman so *lived* that her name and deeds have imperishable mention upon these pages of everlasting truth, and in the immortal memories of those who were benefited by her kindly deeds, and who when she was gone, poured over her marble face the abundant tears of their deep sorrow and inexpressible anguish, that so loving a friend and willing helper had fallen asleep in the silent embrace of death. With a soul radiant with the presence and love of her Saviour, and intensely active in

planning and executing "good works and alms-deeds," and with a body ever active and alert to obey the behests of such an intense soul, she found at last this body unable longer to bear the strain, and so it sickened and died, as many another good woman has done since her day.

But *such* a woman cannot die and go to her reward on high, and leave behind no sorrowing, weeping friends whom she has helped by her beneficence. Her good works and alms-deeds make their ineffaceable impressions upon the memories of those she has helped, cheered, comforted and succored in her lifetime. And so in the upper chamber where now lies the body of this good woman, are gathered the poor widows of the city, to mingle their tears and to condole with one another in their deep sense of personal loss. How natural the scene here depicted. "And all the widows stood by him (Peter) weeping and showing the coats and garments she had made." Possibly some of the garments made by the now motionless hands of Dorcas were upon the persons of these weeping women. Possibly they called the attention of one another to the fact that this coat and this tunic which they themselves were even then wearing, as well as the other garments already made and laid away in anticipation of future demands upon her charity, were all made by this good woman. There is a meaning in this Greek verb which indicates no spasmodic acts of benevolence, but rather that Dorcas was *accustomed* to these good works and alms-deeds continually. The garments were not few, but many: they were ever on hand for distribution, as fitting occasion called for them. Thus we see that her life was filled up to the full measure of its capacity for the benefit of others.

And now while I am speaking of this woman Dorcas, so full of good works and alms-deeds which she did, all our minds are busy with the life work of her who has borne such conspicuous part in all good enterprises in this church and community, where she has had her home for these nearly twenty-one years, and where, suddenly and unexpectedly to us all, she a few days ago yielded her life into the hands of Him who gave it, and went resignedly and joyfully to the inheritance of the saints in glory.

It seems to me but a little while since, twenty-one years ago next December, she stood as a bride in her new home, to receive with her now bereft husband the friends who had come to give her cordial greeting among us, and to wish for the newly wedded couple all that happiness and joy, all that health and prosperity of body and soul, a beneficent God could consistently bestow upon them. Then she was young, healthy and hopeful, and ready to enter with courage, hopefulness and strong resolution upon any duty that might be laid upon her. She was affable, cordial, and well fitted by nature, culture and all womanly graces to win friends, the constancy of whose affection attended her to the last moments of her life.

As a wife, in her own home, she attended faithfully to all her obligations. She was loyal to her husband and to all his interests, and frugal in the management of her household. She was wise and discreet in all her counsels and ever ready to bear her part in the work of life, as it pertained to the common interests of her family.

Regarding her husband, it may always have been said of her, "She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life," and that "the heart of her husband did safely trust in her." "She looked well to the ways of her household and did not eat the bread of idleness."

As a mother, she was fond, loving, sensitive to the needs and anxious for the best interests of her only son and child, both as respects this world and that which is to come. Her love and self-sacrifice will forever be green and fragrant spots in his memory. A mother's love like hers, who can appreciate it!

"Maternal love, thou word that sums all bliss,
Gives and receives all bliss, fullest when most
Thou givest! spring head of all felicity,
Deepest when most is drawn! emblem of God!
O'erflowing most when greatest numbers drink."

Fortunate is that child who has such a mother. May her prayers for her only devotedly loved son continue to be fragrant incense before the throne of God, and like refreshing rain, be ever descending upon the soul of him who now so bitterly mourns her loss.

But not only was our friend loving and faithful in all her domestic duties and relations as wife, mother, daughter, sister and friend, there was orbit room enough in her soul for the broader sympathies demanded of one consecrated to the Master's service. We who have known her manner of life for these many years, wonder how one who had imposed upon herself so much to do at home could find time and strength to do so much abroad. How she gave her energies and loving interest to her class of children in this Sabbath school! How fondly she met them from Sabbath to Sabbath, and how earnestly she labored to teach them the knowledge of every right way. How she bore their souls before the mercy-seat in prayer! And how she remembered them with some appropriate token of love as their several birthdays came, so that even today are to be found in her now vacated home some birthday presents for some of her class, all arranged to be given to the once joyful but now sad receiver. How earnestly and patiently she trained these children in the love of temperance, and how faithfully she espoused this same cause herself and labored for its promotion, imparting to it her sympathy, her prayers and her personal effort, even when this effort drew her out from her busy home life, at no small sacrifice of comfort and health. The words she spoke to the young men in her own family, to whom she was an ever-loving, cherishing mother, and who will not soon forget her deeds of kindness and affectionate interest, who are here today to pay the tribute of filial gratitude to her memory, can never be forgotten. Her life was full of deeds of kindness, her hand was busy in sowing seeds whose fruitage will forever redound to the honor of her name. Well has Keble said:

"We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store."

"The deeds we do, the words we say,—
 Into still air they seem to fleet,
 We count them ever past,
 But they shall last,—
 In the dread judgment they
 And we shall meet!"

Nor can we refrain from speaking of our devoted friend in her relation to this church and society. We cannot cease to recall with sincere gratitude her labors of love, in all her earnest zeal to promote the temporal and spiritual interests of this religious society. How helpful she was to her pastor in the prayer meeting. How frequent and always appropriate the selections she so heartily read or recited, to the edification of all present. She came to the weekly meetings for prayer whenever she possibly could, and came too because she loved the place where prayer was wont to be made. All this she did because her heart was full of love and gratitude to Him who gave Himself for her salvation.

And when the angel of death had hovered over the home of some friend and borne away some loved one—some lamb of the flock—how feelingly would she express *her* sympathy and voice the sorrows of afflicted friends in appropriate lines of poetry. In view of all that this good woman felt and did while she lived among us, I cannot avoid the conclusion that she was a genuine, broad-minded, Christian woman, "full of good works and alms-deeds which she did." In view of such a life, how appropriate these words of the poet:

"Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
 Thy pattern and thy steps pursue:
 Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
 Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

"That man may last but never lives,
 Who much receives but nothing gives;
 Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
 Creation's blot, creation's blank.

"But he who marks, from day to day,
 In generous acts his radiant way,
 Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
 The path to glory and to God."

And so, my dear friends, in view of such an excellent well-spent life, let us accept with resignation the will of our heavenly Father, who makes no mistakes, and while our hearts keenly sorrow for this our great loss, let us lift our eyes till our vision sweeps the green pastures and the still waters, in which and beside which the soul of our dear departed one now rejoices, as she today experiences the delightfulness of that *rest* which remains for the people of God. And let us rejoice with her redeemed, glorified spirit in its escape from earthly toils and cares, and in its eternal repose among the redeemed and glorified in heaven.

For you, my dear sorrowing friends, heaven's attractions are henceforth all the stronger. While you most naturally grieve over this your great loss, your thoughts will henceforth be centered on the things unseen and eternal. You will think of the loved ones gone before, and be ever anticipating your

reunion with them in that home where Christ dwells, and where there will be no sorrow nor crying, and where all tears shall be wiped away, and where the inhabitants will no more say, "we are sick."

"We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there!

"We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there!

"We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care;
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there!

"We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above,
But what must it be to be there!

"Do thou, Lord, 'mid sorrow and woe,
Still for heaven my spirit prepare,
And shortly I also shall know,
And feel, what it is to be there."

Remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Beaman. He spoke of the deep interest the deceased had shown in home missions, especially among the colored people struggling to get an education. A week or two before she passed away, it was her pleasure to listen to one of the young colored men who had been aided by her and others in North Amherst in acquiring his education. He also referred feelingly to her excellent parents, her father being a worker for temperance. Rev. Mr. Fisher read an extract written by Mrs. Kellogg upon the death of her father.

The service was impressive, and the church auditorium was filled with people from North Amherst, the city and other parts of the town, a number from out of town being present to show their esteem for the deceased. The coffin in front of the pulpit was covered with floral offerings, wreaths, emblems, etc., sent in by loving friends of Mrs. Kellogg, including her Sunday school class, every member of which deeply feels a personal loss.

This obituary notice appeared in the *Congregationalist* :

MRS. MARY ADAMS KELLOGG.

Died at her home in North Amherst, Oct. 16, 1889, after a brief illness, Mrs. Mary Adams Kellogg, at the age of forty-three years. She was born in North Hadley and was the daughter of Levi Adams, a godly, devoted man, who reared his children in the fear of God and in the love of virtue. At an early age she united with the church in North Hadley, under

the ministry of that excellent man and faithful pastor, Rev. W. H. Beaman. After her marriage to Mr. Kellogg, who, with an only son, survives her, she united with the church at North Amherst, where her influence soon began to make itself felt in every department of Christian activity, especially in the Sabbath school, where for many years she had a class of little ones to whom she was devotedly attached, and whom, with unusual pains and conscientious fidelity, she inspired with the love of every ennobling virtue, particularly temperance, in which cause she manifested great earnestness and zeal, laboring night and day to save the young from the love and bondage of strong drink.

Yet while uncommonly active in all church work, she still, with heavy domestic cares upon her, found time, heart and substantial means to aid in all missionary enterprises in home and foreign lands. She was a keen observer of "the field," and had a soul so broadened by love for the Master that she found herself in lively sympathy with every object for which He gave His life. In all her self-sacrificing life she ever kept in mind, as she once wrote in her diary, that "Christ pleased not Himself." She loved her Saviour, and with a consecrated heart she sought to be like Him "who went about doing good." And so at last, "full of the Holy Ghost and of faith," "full of good works and alms-deeds which she did," with a will resigned to that of her Heavenly Father, she was ready to say, as she felt the certain approach of death, "It is all right." Thus she passed quietly and peacefully to the rest remaining for the people of God.

Funeral services were held in the church, in which was gathered a very large congregation, who, by their presence and tears, testified their grateful appreciation of the loveliness of her Christian character, and their profound sense of loss in her death. There was a beautiful and touching scene at the grave, when the children whom she had taught each dropped upon the lowered casket a floral tribute to the memory of her they so greatly loved. "The memory of the just is blessed."

W. D. H.

The following are extracts from letters received since her death, from friends and relatives :

Rev. Dr. Marsh, one of her former pastors, writes :

This morning's mail brought the sad announcement of the departure of your dear wife to the better land, to the open fields and heavenly hills, the full fruition and heavenly glory. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord !" What a loss for you and William ! What a loss to the church, the Sabbath school and temperance work.

And Mrs. Marsh adds : I don't know who will enjoy heaven more than she. She will rest from her labors and her works will follow her. I feel I have lost a true and warm friend ; the world will be poorer without her.

Rev. Mr. Johnson, for ten years her pastor, writes from Georgetown :

I was so greatly indebted to her, she did so much to help me, was always so kind and cordial, and the dear children of my heart loved her so

truly, it was hard for them to go away from her. You have the memory of one who was greatly blessed of God, both with ability and with the willingness to use all gifts for God's glory, and there surely is some truth in the thought that it is something to be more thankful for that our dear ones are noble, even if they may not be spared to us, than it is if they are less worthy and yet with us. None the less is she the wife and mother because an angel in heaven. To have had for twenty years the love of such a worthy heart, the counsel of so gifted a mind, the inspiration of so pure a presence, is surely something to be very, very thankful for, even while the heart is wrung with anguish at its great affliction. I do not know what the dear children of the Sunday school will do without their teacher. Never was there a more devoted teacher, one more sincerely interested in the spiritual training of the lambs of Christ's flock."

Dr. Ephraim Cutter of New York writes from London, Oct. 30, 1889:

She was an honor to her sex, and a wife of whom any husband might be proud. You must be thankful you had her so long. But God be praised for the hope we have of her now glorious immortality, and that she is now in the presence of the Lamb she loved and served so well. So her loss, which touches so many youths she cared for so well, and so many others she blessed by her beautiful life of sterling Christian character, may be a benison, for it will keep in mind a lovely example, redolent with fragrance. The memory of the just is blessed: so is hers.

Mrs. Cutter adds: To me your precious wife was one of the rarest Christian characters I ever met with: her great desire to do good to every one and her unselfishness were so marked. She never thought of herself, but spent her life for others. Blessed saint! she is now rejoicing in the presence of the Saviour she so loved to honor. At the last day many will rise up and call her blessed—the little children she so loved to train for Jesus, and the young men whose lives she must have influenced by her lovely and consistent Christian character.

Mrs. E. S. Johnson, a dear friend, sends this tribute in reference to her work in church and Sunday School:

It was a privilege to have known her and to have shared in any degree her love. What an element of strength she was in our prayer-meetings! Our anxiety for their success died away before her shining face, for she was ever ready with some choice selection, some new experience with the little ones, or she would share with us her interest for the young men who gathered around her table, and for whom she felt almost a mother's care. What pleasure her reports as secretary of our mission band gave us, and how heartily she entered into our work we cannot soon forget, nor what efficient aid she rendered to every plan for increasing our finances. In the temperance work, how earnest she was, asking always that we should give it a place in our meetings; ever ready to aid with substantial help and interest the families of those who were sufferers among us, and longing by kindness and care to help the victims of alcohol to escape from their toils. But, helper as she

was everywhere, I think her work among the children lay nearest her heart. How she loved them, and with what warmth they returned her love! In every way she sought to win them, not so much to herself as to the Lord she served. In many a home hangs today the white heart she cut for them to illustrate their prayer for a clean heart, with doors opening to admit the good and to be closed always to the evil: and her tender, loving words will remain with them.

"North Amherst can never be the same to me without teacher Kellogg," says one she loved. "How can I ever go to Sunday school again," moaned a little tender heart. "I thought I could never love another teacher," said another. The little ones who cast their flowery tribute on the casket that enshrined the precious form will sacredly keep her memory in their heart of hearts, and the seed sown in the class motto, "All for Jesus' sake," and watered with such earnest prayers, will doubtless bear fruit in many lives.

Another friend and sister in Christ writes:

I never went to her with any petition for help for myself or others but that she expressed hearty thanks that I came, and gave me just what I wanted, with always a word of commendation for trying to help along a worthy cause.

Dr. D. E. Baker of Newton Lower Falls, class of '78, M. A. C., who was in her family during his college course, writes:

I cannot yet realize that your precious wife has gone from you and from her many friends. It is a blow which touches many hearts. Amherst will not seem the same to me after this. In all my dreams of returning to the scenes of my student life, I have ever mingled thoughts of meeting her and you, the friends who did more than all others to smooth my pathway while there. I can never thank her again in this life for all she was to me, for all her substantial help and blessed influence. I realize it more and more as the years go by. Her example has stimulated me in many an act of service to those about me, in opportunities not a few which naturally come to every busy physician. I am sure that many a life has felt the same warm touch of sympathy and help from Mrs. Kellogg, and has been enriched and lifted by it. May God bless her work to all of us who have been made better by it.

Prof. C. S. Howe of Cleveland, Ohio, writes:

Many of the students of the M. A. C., past and present, will feel that they have lost a friend, she did so much for them in various ways. I know of some she has helped, and there are many that I do not know of. When any of her boys were sick they felt she was ready to do all she could for them, and in some instances she took them right to your home and cared for them as she would for her own. Though you have lost her for a time, I know it will be pleasant to look back at the noble Christian life she led for many years.

Mr. E. D. Howe, class of '81, also writes :

The announcement of the death of your beloved wife causes us all a pang of sorrow, and especially myself, who knew from experience what a large Christian heart and motherly affection she had. I can never forget the kindness she showed me during my college course. I feel that I am a better man today for the influence of her example. Surely the stars in her crown will not be few.

Dr. J. A. Cutter of New York, class of '82, M. A. C., writes :

A noble, grand woman she was. She has left her impress for good on many, and certainly there is a void too great to be filled when such an one leaves us. This death will touch the hearts of her many boys scattered all over the world. God bless her memory forever.

Her only brother writes :

In all her letters to me she spoke of how comforting her Saviour was to her. The advice she always suggested to me will not soon be forgotten, and her manner of expressing her one desire, that I should become a Christian, impresses me deeply.

A cousin in Davenport, Iowa, writes :

I had learned to love and value her more and more as I became better acquainted, and to wonder at her untiring energy of character, both at home and in Christian work. She has accomplished more in her life than most people who have lived to be eighty years of age. She seems to have been in preparation for the great change. As I look back I can see she was a progressive Christian. Her heart seemed to be filled with love to her Saviour and his work. She has gone to her reward. You are left to mourn : the light of your home has gone out : it looks dark and dreary before you. Try to look above and beyond this life to a joyful reunion where sorrow never enters and friends are not parted.

A cousin in Benson, Vt., where she visited a few weeks before her death, writes :

You have much to comfort you : you do not mourn as one without hope. She was ready for the inheritance, the "many mansions" Christ has gone to prepare, and had a title to that inheritance unencumbered. My acquaintance with cousin Mary was slight and brief, but I did learn to love her in the few days she was with us.

Another cousin writes :

I have had since my first acquaintance with cousin Mary a growing admiration for her. Her every day life seemed to be *filled* with deeds of love and kindness. Every one, I am sure, was made better by her presence. As I look back upon it now, her entire life seems like a ray of light from heaven direct.

A dear friend writes :

How many and varied were the tasks she accomplished, and how full of cheer and thoughtfulness she always was. And if she erred in striving to bear more than her share of burdens, surely that is a noble error, and one which few are guilty of to such a degree.

These lines were sent by an uncle in Worcester :

Mysterious are thy ways, O Lord,
Thy purpose hard to find;
We fail to understand Thy word,
From grief our hearts are blind.

Why need this one be called away?
Our lives for her we'd give;
A husband's pride, his earthly stay,
Couldst Thou not let her live?

Forgive us, Lord, we would not doubt
Thy wisdom or Thy love;
We look abroad, 'tis dark about,
The clouds are thick above.

Send grace, O Lord, and faith to light
Life's pathway, hard to find;
O, Father, hold our hands tonight,
Our eyes with tears are blind.

W. A. W.

Composed by Mrs. S. Louise Barton of the Boston W. C. T. U., who was in her home the Sabbath before her death :

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."
Died at the "post of honor,"
With loving hands we crown her,
She walked in wisdom's ways.

Oh may her mantle falling
On us a blessing bring!
Died at her post of duty,
Her life a thing of beauty,
True "daughter of the King!"

Her memory shall strengthen
Each earnest, pure endeavor;
And as by faith we ponder,
Behold her "over yonder,"
Praising her God forever.

To us she leaves a message,
A message fraught with sweetness—
Who does his duty truly,
In this bright heaven most surely
Shall find his life's completeness.

W. C. T. U. At the Hampshire County Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, held in Amherst, January, 1890, the following resolutions were adopted :

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove suddenly from us our beloved sister and fellow-worker in the temperance cause, Mrs. Charles H. Kellogg of North Amherst,

RESOLVED, That we, members of the Hampshire County W. C. T. U., extend our sincere sympathy to the Amherst Union, of which she was a member and former president, and also to the bereaved family who so deeply mourn her loss. May her Christian faithfulness and readiness for every "good word and work" be our example, and we be ready to follow her, at the Master's call, to higher service above.

VOTED, That a copy of this resolution be sent to the family, and also to the Amherst Union.

SELECTIONS
FROM HER OWN WRITINGS

SELECTIONS.

LINES SUGGESTED BY A BUSY DAY.

I've been cutting papers today, mother,
Papers to cover a shelf,
And without the bustle and hurry
So like my former self.
I've taken my duties quite slowly,
As they've come to me one by one,
And I find them all completed
Ere the setting of the sun.

As I've worked I've thought of the cleansing
We need in our lives each day,
To fit us to be like the Master,
And to walk in the narrow way;
And so while we're sweeping and dusting,
And cleaning the dirt from the paint,
In my heart I've been earnestly longing
To be free from sin and its taint.

Longed for a meek, quiet spirit,
To bear the vexations of life,
With no indication of passion,
Or thoughts suggestive of strife;
And silently pray to the Father,
Wash me whiter than snow;
Fill my heart with dear loving patience,
As day by day onward we go.

FOR THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LADIES' SEWING CIRCLE OF NORTH AMHERST.

Have you ever heard the story
Of the time so long ago,
When the ladies met together,
Twice a month, to talk and sew?

There were six-and-twenty ladies
Gathered on a summer's day,
And a certain sum of money
Each of them was pledged to pay.

Then their officers were chosen,
And their work was planned to do.
"Doing good" was to be their motto,
The ways for which are never few.

So they worked for Home and Country;
Money sent across the sea,
Where the heathen sit in darkness,
Those whom Jesus died to free.

Of this money even hundreds
Were the dollars which were sent,
And the prayers of Christian women
Onward with the money went.

Barrels, boxes too of clothing
Have blessed many a mission home,
Where the way is hedged with dangers
And the savage loves to roam.

In OUR midst, the poor and needy
Ever find a helping hand;
For this band of working Christians
Strive to follow Christ's command.

Of the number who were gathered
On that fair, bright July day,
Only seven now are living—
God has called the rest away.

They have entered the fair mansions,
"In his beauty seen the King,"
And with the redeemed in glory
Of the Lamb and Christ they sing.

And we pray to-day, dear Father,
As our sands of life run low,
That their mantle on us falling,
May to children's children go.

God bless all our Christian workers,
Make each one a power for good;
So with truth it may be said
"She hath done whate'er she could."

Now as we look back together
O'er the years which have gone so fast,
We can scarcely seem to realize
That so many years have passed.

Fifty years, can it be fifty?
Let us see if this is so.
Now 'tis twenty, thirty, forty—
Yes, 'twas fifty years ago,
When the ladies met together
That July day to talk and sew.

FATHER'S BIRTHDAY.

NOV. 6, 1880.

Our parents are not growing old,
Though the garments that they wear
May have a wrinkle in some fold,
And here and there a tear.

For flesh and blood are worse for wear
When worn for sixty years.
They show the marks of time and care,
And oft are stained with tears

But still they are not growing old,
For Nature keeps her charms;
Their loving hearts are not more cold,
Than when, within their arms,

We nestled close in infancy,
In years long, long gone by,
They cared for us with tenderest care
And heard our every cry.

Ours is a happy household band,
Yet three from the "home-nest,"
Have gone unto the spirit-land,
To wait there for the rest.

And when for us that day shall come
When life for each is o'er,
When each one has arrived at home
To separate no more;

The faces that have long been hid
Beneath the brown earth's sod,
Shut from us by the coffin-lid,
Will welcome us to God.

Then, as our fleshly garments wear,
We'll bless each wrinkled fold,
Look kindly on each stain and tear
And smilingly grow old.

For age can only last a-while;
God's promise is all truth,
That those, who freest are from guile
Shall have an eternal youth.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MRS. SARAH
WHITNEY MARSH, WHO DIED
MARCH 11, 1883.

Oh, saint of the Lord, just ascended,
How looketh thy mansion of rest;
Its portals by angels attended
Who welcomed thee in with the blest?

Did the dear ones that God kindly gave you,
Who passed through the gate long ago,
Give welcome to thee as thy story
Was echoed by love's overflow?

Hast thou seen Him, oh sight beyond telling,
The Joy, the Crown Jewel of Heaven
To whom, in all glory excelling
The anthems of Heaven are given?

Hast thou walked by the life-giving river?
Hast tasted the fruit of that tree
Whose leaves will forevermore quiver
When plucked by the ransomed, like thee?

Hast thou gazed on the marvelous glory
Of things that our eyes may not see,
Prepared for the meek and the lowly,
By love of the Saviour, for thee?

Oh, saint of the Lord, just ascended,
Fair and bright is thy mansion of rest;
Thy Saviour stood waiting to greet thee,
A welcomed and glorified guest.

IN MEMORY OF HER GRANDMOTHER,

Mrs. Joseph Adams, who retired one
Saturday night as well as usual, but was
found on Sunday morning to have entered
into rest.

It was after the clear star-setting,
In the early morning-tide,
That an angel came out from the hidden land,
And stood by the sleeper's side.

With never a touch or a token,
But within his thought unheard,
While he watched for the heavenly signal,
A troubled doubting stirred.

"Shall I waken her—bid her make ready?
Shall I warn her with gentle touch
To gird up her loins for the journey,
From those she loves so much?

"Shall I not cry, 'Arise and listen!
For the journey is far and long;
Hast thou no bitter word to unsay,
To undo no bitter wrong?'"

Then he would have cried, but a sudden voice
Spoke: "No need to say, 'Prepare,'
To the honest one whose daily life
Was a kindly deed, and a prayer.

"The hour is now." Then without a sound,
The sword of the angel fell;
No word of love—yet her voice was stilled,
And she slept—and sleepeth well.

ON THE DEATH OF OUR WILLIE.

Then close his eyes gently,
Fold his hands on his breast,
The pride of the household,
The one we loved best.
Our hearts break with anguish,
But we will not rebel,
It is well with the child,
It is well, it is well!

O, God, we had nurtured
Our darling with care,
We had borne him in faith,
To thine altar in prayer;
And 'twas bliss unalloyed
When his smile on us fell,
But the casket is broken,
It is well, it is well!

We had hoped, ah, too fondly,
Ne'er to see him as now,
With the signet of death
On his beautiful brow;
That an angel of light,
Round our hearth he would dwell;
But 'tis well with the child,
It is well, it is well!

Then bear him away,
Where the spring blossoms wave,
Close, close by his sister,
Be our dear Willie's grave.
Our hearts break with parting,
But we will not rebel,
It is well with the child,
It is well, it is well!

August 28, 1865.

ON THE DEATH OF BESSIE L. MARSH.

Gone from her home so dear,
 This bright September day,
 Hastening away in the light so strange,
 Where the silvery stars and the sunbeams
 range,
 Over the silent way.

Oft will you mourn and weep
 For the dear child laid away;
 You'll miss the glance of her eye so bright,
 Which is beaming now in heaven's own light,
 Over the silent way.

Tenderly on her breast
 Her pearl-white hands are pressed;
 Her lashes lie on cheeks too thin;
 The loving heart is still within;
 Yet this is not her rest.

But in the mansions fair
 She walks the golden streets,
 With Christ himself who is the light,
 And angels fair, all robed in white,
 The "pure in heart" she greets.

Gone in her maiden purity
 Over the mystic tide;
 Wafted to heaven on wings of prayer,
 Guided by angels' loving care,
 Close to the Saviour's side.

But your dear child is safe,
 Held in arms of Infinite Love;
 Your angel daughter will watch and wait
 For you to pass the pearly gate,
 Over the silent way.

 LINES

Written on the death of her husband's father,
 Eleazar Kellogg.

We bowed today o'er a confined form,
 And our tears fell softly down;
 We looked our last on the aged face,
 With its look of peace, its patient grace,
 And hair like a silver crown.

Laid on the breast were the toilworn hands,
 From life's long labor at rest;
 And within a sickle of heliotrope sweet
 There lay a bunch of golden wheat,
 Over the silent breast.

The blossoms whispered of fadeless bloom,
 Of a land where fall no tears;
 The ripened wheat told of toil and care,
 The patient waiting, the trusting prayer,
 The garnered good of the years.

